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# Tomorrow and other Poems

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MARY CHANDLER JONES





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TOMORROW  
AND OTHER POEMS





# TOMORROW

*AND OTHER POEMS*

BY  
MARY CHANDLER JONES



THE PILGRIM PRESS

BOSTON

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

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THE PLIMPTON PRESS  
NORWOOD MASS U S A

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TO  
MY MOTHER



## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Of the poems which appear in this little volume, acknowledgment should be made as follows:

“Mt. Monadnock and the Green Mountains,” to the New England Magazine;

“Thanksgiving” and “Do You Know the Land?” to the Independent;

“The Key Note” to Munsey’s

Magazine; “All Saints,” “Un-

til We Die,” “The Grace

of our Lord Jesus Christ,”

and “Sir, We Would

See Jesus,” to The

Congregationalist.

M. C. J.



# CONTENTS

	PAGE
TOMORROW . . . . .	11
THE SUN DIAL . . . . .	12
TO THE UNKNOWN . . . . .	13
FACING EAST . . . . .	14
MOUNT MONADNOCK . . . . .	15
UNTIL WE DIE . . . . .	16
ALL SAINTS . . . . .	17
MY CUP RUNNETH OVER . . . . .	18
"THE GRACE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST" . . . . .	19
THE UPPER ROOM . . . . .	20
SAN DIEGO . . . . .	21
OF MY FRIENDS . . . . .	22
TO A. E. C. . . . .	23
FOR COMPANY . . . . .	24
SYMPATHY . . . . .	26
AUTUMN'S HERALDS . . . . .	27
THE MYSTERY OF DAWN . . . . .	28
THE BIRCH ROAD . . . . .	29
THE CHURCH PATH . . . . .	30
OVER THE HEDGE . . . . .	32
THE BLIND GENTIAN . . . . .	34

# Contents

	PAGE
LIGHTS . . . . .	36
"NO MORE SEA" . . . . .	38
"DO YOU KNOW THE LAND?" . . . . .	40
THANKSGIVING . . . . .	42
THE BOY WITH THE SHEPHERDS . . . . .	44
"GOD REST YOU MERRY!" . . . . .	46
THE STRAIT WAY . . . . .	48
THE GARDEN AND THE HIGHWAY . . . . .	50
"SIR, WE WOULD SEE JESUS" . . . . .	51
"THIS <i>is</i> ETERNAL LIFE" . . . . .	53
THE TRYST . . . . .	54
THE KEY-NOTE . . . . .	55
TOMORROW AND TODAY . . . . .	56



TOMORROW



# Tomorrow

## “TOMORROW”

I HAVE not feared to live, since, come what  
may,  
I have been sure that, somehow, all would  
be

Made ready still, in manner fair for me.  
And so, free-hearted, I have gone my way—  
Some work, some rest, a little time for play,  
Sunshine and stars, the mountains and the sea;  
Home and my friends, in blessed company—  
What have I lacked, from little day to day?

And shall I say, “Tomorrow!” with more  
doubt

Because its dawn shall whiten strange and far?  
I never knew “tomorrow”; yet have I  
At even laid me down to sleep, without  
A question of that morrow’s morning star  
Or that its sun should climb the brightening sky.

# Tomorrow

## THE SUN DIAL

(S. C. C.)

**N**OT from far gardens, dark with an-  
cient yew,  
Bordered with box, with timeless roses  
sweet,

Came brass or stone, quaint-graven, to repeat  
Warning of yesterday, 'mid sunshine new.  
Not made for English gray or Tuscan blue  
But for today and here, in cold and heat,  
His dial stood to catch the shadow fleet,  
Marking the hour, true as the sun is true.

And even as, with his own skill he wrought  
By light to measure common work and play,  
Scarce caring what another hand had done,  
So, in the hidden garden of his thought,  
His own the dial was that caught the ray  
And measured life by the Eternal Sun.

## Tomorrow

### TO THE UNKNOWN

O "Heart's one choice," if down the un-  
blazed years,  
Wherein I lose myself and fear to go,  
There be one trail that leads to you, although  
Tangled with thorn, and blind with mist of  
tears,  
I pray high heaven that nor doubts nor fears  
May turn me from it, foolish, seeking so  
Some easier path, since evermore I know  
Life's sweetness dwells where your dear face  
appears.

You are my home, Belovèd. Far and far  
I travel till I meet you, nor will stay  
At hostelries, nor yet with any friend;  
But, when I find the one place where you are  
I will abide so long as it is day,  
And after—till Eternity shall end.

## Tomorrow

### FACING EAST

**T**HERE is a window, facing toward the  
east,  
Where I may catch the first strange,  
whitening ray

Of that fair miracle which shall be Day—  
The morning star its prophet and its priest.  
The dawn winds whisper softly, “Night has  
ceased!”

And valley mists turn rosy that were gray,  
While from behind the hills, far, far away,  
Springs up the light—by God’s own hand in-  
creased.

Maker of Light—Oh, give me still to keep  
Some eastern window where the light may  
grow.

Then, howsoever long and cold and deep  
May be the night, there shall the morning  
glow—

And when Thy dawn across my earth shall  
break,

Lord of the sunrise, grant that I may wake!

## Tomorrow

### MOUNT MONADNOCK AND THE GREEN MOUNTAINS

**I** KNOW a mountain that stands all alone,  
King of the vassal hills which round him  
keep

A waiting silence. Night and morning heap  
Their drifting mists of glory, zone on zone,  
About his shoulders, till the cold gray stone  
Gives back the rosy splendor. Tempests sweep  
In idle fury round that crownèd steep.  
O lonely monarch! Solitary throne!

I wonder if he ever looks across  
To the far ranges in their restless climb  
Of summit after summit, longing so  
For nearer comradeship, though gained by loss  
To his own glory. To be strong, sublime,  
Alone—is that the pleasure mountains know?

## Tomorrow

### UNTIL WE DIE

**O** LIFE, we know that some day it must  
be  
Thy warm, dear sun shall set to rise  
no more,  
And through the soul's unbarred and swinging  
door  
The mist shall sweep that rolleth in from sea.  
Yet from that hour of night we would not flee,  
For sunset ever holds the dawn in store,  
And death is life which leadeth still before,  
After the opened gate hath set us free.

Nay, 'tis the unseeing eye, the unheeding ear,  
The hands that falter e'er the heart hath failed,  
The heart that finds love's tasks too stern and  
high—  
'Tis shrinking life, not loss of days, we fear,  
These things, not death, whereat our souls have  
quailed.  
Life, grant that we may live until we die!



## Tomorrow

### ALL SAINTS

**N**OT to the high saints do I pray today,  
On whom the martyr fire, the martyr  
wheel,

Set the great glory of their holy seal;  
But unto those who walked our dusty way,  
Nor dreamed that they were saints; who made  
life gay

For other lives, while sorrow's bitter steel  
Pierced their own souls; who kept their broth-  
ers leal

By their own loyalty. To these I pray!

O brows, surprised by halos all unguessed,  
Forget not—nay for that I need not ask—  
The weary struggle and the homely strife  
By which you won your dwelling and your rest.  
And for that sake aid ye each toil, each task,  
And help me climb up to your blessed life!

## Tomorrow

### “MY CUP RUNNETH OVER”

**I** HOLD a cup of life which doth o’errun;  
Not half its blessing ever can be mine,  
For sweet as treasured honey, clear as  
wine,

The bright drops fall, as sparkle in the sun.  
So much achievement evermore unwon,  
So much of joy forever but a sign!  
Shall I, in ashes, sorrow and repine  
Because my cup of blessing must o’errun?

Nay, Giver of all life, I would look up  
In full content, in utter thankfulness  
That so much greater than my tiny cup  
Thy treasure is. But grant that I may bless  
With staff and scrip, with heav’nly bite and  
sup,  
Some poorer souls from thy free lovingness!

## Tomorrow

### “THE GRACE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST”

**F**ORTH from Thy gracious presence, Lord,  
we go  
Once more along the world's untender  
ways.

We may not pause upon Thy face to gaze  
Nor linger in Thy happy courts; for lo,  
Thou hast sealed us ambassadors, to show  
Thee to the world that hath not known Thy  
praise.

Then, to our common tasks, our hurried days,  
We turn again, since Thou hast willed it so.

To make rough places plain, the crooked  
straight,

To help the weak, yet envy not the strong,  
To make the earth a sweeter dwelling place  
In little ways, or, if we may, in great,  
We pray, Lord Jesus, grant to us Thy grace.

## Tomorrow

### THE UPPER ROOM

O Master mine, what time with weary  
feet,

Bearing my water jar, I go my way—  
Though still I feel Thy presence, day by day,  
Beside the well, along the crowded street,  
Walking with Thee in friendship strong and  
sweet;

Yet when Thine errands press I scarce may stay  
To listen long to Thee, nor long delay  
To answer freely, as were dear and meet.

So I would keep an upper room for Thee,  
Clean from earth's dust and quiet from its din,  
Only Thine own, O blessed Master mine!  
Wilt Thou not enter there to sup with me,  
The world shut out, nought save Thy love  
within,  
To break for me life's bread and pour life's  
wine?

# Tomorrow

## SAN DIEGO

(The Angel's Kitchen, by Murillo, in the Louvre.)

**T**HERE was a monk who thought his  
task too low  
To offer unto God from day to day,  
A spendthrift he, dreaming the gold away  
Of that sweet service which his hours might  
show.  
Then angels came and ministered, for lo!  
When earthly hands will not, the heavenly  
may,  
And God's good plan shall neither change nor  
stay  
Because our hearts shrink back, our feet are  
slow.

Lord, it is thine to give the unfailing bread  
And thine it is to fill the unwasting spring;  
The unfading dawn is kindled by thy might.  
But oh, be mine the hand that, comforted,  
From Love Unbounded ministering, may bring  
A crust, cool water and a candle light!

## Tomorrow

### OF MY FRIENDS

**Y**E are my crown of glory, O my friends!  
My noblest honor and my chief delight.  
Wherefore I think upon you day and  
night,

And ever your dear company attends  
My journey, and a steadfast sunshine sends  
O'er worlds and years, to keep my pathway  
bright.

Ye do high service, far beyond my might,  
And for my weakness, so, ye bring amends.

God make me worthy of you! Not as one  
Who can be equal, but as one who may,  
Like to the moon, giving earth back the sun,  
Reflect your truth and sweetness day by day  
And to less blessed lives may minister  
Because her own friends are so much to her.

# Tomorrow

TO A. E. C.

**Y**OU, who have heard the nightingale  
a-singing,  
Filling with passion all the star-  
bound dark;

You, who have seen at whitest noon upwinging  
One tuneful speck—and known it was a lark!

You, who have heard our own dear thrushes  
chanting  
Through pine-sweet aisles their cadenced  
even-song—

How dare I offer, through these echoes haunt-  
ing,

My tiny call, yet do your ear no wrong?

Nay, for the thrushes sing but in the summer,  
The nightingale and lark nest oversea  
The frozen woodland loves a lowly comer—  
To wish you mirth I sing, a chickadee!

## Tomorrow

### FOR COMPANY

**T**HERE be who sing for pennies  
    (Poor minstrels they, with hunger  
        for their dole);  
There be who sing for praises  
    (Ah, woe is me! Can clapping fill a soul?);  
There be who sing o'er land and sea,  
    For all the earth to hear;  
There be who sing a lullaby,  
    Beside a cradle dear,  
Or softly down some twilight street  
    A homeward step to cheer.  
But as for me—no lullaby  
    Nor hasty-coming feet  
For whom my voice is home and rest  
    After the noon-day heat.  
No single soul in all the world  
    To find the world more sweet  
Because I sing. Yet still, I sing—  
    A little song and low  
To cheer my own heart through the dark,  
    Where I must sometimes go;



## Tomorrow

Or, if the sun shines bright abroad,

Because I love it so.

And so I sing for company,

(Lone pilgrim I, swift faring day by day),

Glad if they say, who chance to hear—

“The world is good! One singeth by the  
way!”

## Tomorrow

### SYMPATHY

**A** SMILE forever lieth low  
In eyes where shadows never dwell,  
Albeit there they come and go,  
For griefs she may not tell.  
The griefs of others are, I ween,  
More grievous than thine own, my Queen!

O clear, sweet eyes, that put aside  
All sorrows of their own,  
And in their calm depths, opened wide,  
Reflect the sun alone.  
The joys of others are, I ween,  
More joyous than thine own, my Queen!

And when, across, the shadows creep,  
From lives in shadow laid,  
Yet still the tender smile doth sleep  
Behind the tender shade.  
The joy that lights thine eyes, I ween,  
Is gladder than all griefs, my Queen!

## Tomorrow

### AUTUMN'S HERALDS

**J**UST a bit of tracèd gold  
In my pathway lying,  
Fallen ere the wind's a-cold  
And the snow a-flying.

Just a crimson banner flung  
Out upon the breezes,  
Autumn's victor signal, hung  
O'er each tree he seizes.

Just a cricket, piping shrill  
In the dry, brown grasses,  
And a haze above the hill  
Tell me Summer passes!

## Tomorrow

### THE MYSTERY OF DAWN

**O**VER the far hills creeping, creeping,  
Comes the light of another world,  
Kissing the fields as they lie a-sleeping,  
Staining the cloud-flags, dawn-unfurled.

First a silence; then birds a-twitter,  
Half-hushed song from a leaf-hid nest;  
Rainbows over the grasses glitter,  
While the light grows from east to west.

See! it whitens from hills to zenith;  
Hush! is it not some strange, new light?  
Who can tell what the wonder meaneth?  
This is the day we lost last night!

## Tomorrow

### THE BIRCH ROAD

**T**HROUGH a mile of moonlight birches  
Runs a road I love,  
Where the dusty valley searches  
For the heights above.

And my road scarce knows it rises,  
As it climbs and creeps,  
Till—oh wonderful surprises—  
It is past the steeps,

And the far hills spread before it,  
And the woodland gray,  
Turns to sunset glory, o'er it.  
Will there come a day

When, in golden breadth and beauty,  
We our hills shall find,  
And, through fruitless-seeming duty,  
Leave the vale behind,

Coming, with a glad surprise,  
To *our* wished-for heights and skies?

## Tomorrow

### THE CHURCH PATH

**O**VER a mowing sweet and gay  
With clover and with daisies  
Fares forth a little, fragrant path,  
Whereof I sing the praises.

Down thro' the hushed and cloistered wood  
With one dear thrush-call ringing,  
Across a green, moss-hidden brook  
That goes with secret singing;

Out to the sunshine once again,  
Where strawberries are growing,  
And through the shining, whispering leaves  
The free, glad winds are blowing;

Into the open! there you stand,  
Set round by mountains only;  
And in the midst the little church,  
So white—so still—so lonely.

## Tomorrow

The house of prayer, the hills of God,  
The vale of strength and healing—  
Give thanks here for the little path,  
And for the wide revealing.

## Tomorrow

### OVER THE HEDGE

**I** WHO have no garden,  
Ordered, sweet and fine,  
Pray you, keep your hedge low,  
Happy neighbor mine!  
Not a single blossom  
Would I steal away,  
Tho' I breathe the sweetness  
All the livelong day.

I, who have no garden,  
Everywhere I go;  
Find me wayside flowers—  
Gay and free they grow.  
Birds and winds have planted,  
And the Lord of all  
Makes Himself a garden,  
Where the seed may fall.

I, who have no garden  
Where the birds may nest,  
Watch them flying over  
In unwearied quest.



## Tomorrow

Not for me their twilight  
Or their matin song,  
Only just to watch them  
Flying all day long.

Why I have no garden  
Surely God must know,  
For He has so many,  
And I love them so!  
Neighbor, keep your garden  
Trim enough for two—  
Since perhaps my garden  
Has been given you!

## Tomorrow

### THE BLIND GENTIAN

**W**HEN the autumn lays her finger  
Playful, half, on plain and hill,  
Loath to go, forbade to linger,  
Waits the exile Summer, still.

Then, in all the golden dower  
Of those first September days,  
Springs a strange, pathetic flower,  
Up and down the woodland ways.

Blue and bright the sky above it,  
Yet it never sees the sky,  
Nor the winds that seem to love it  
As, caressing, they pass by.

Shut forever from the sweetness  
Which goes smiling far and near,  
Blind to all the dear completeness  
Garnered in the closing year,

## Tomorrow

There beside the roadway gleaming  
For the tired passer-by,  
Brave blind gentian—never dreaming  
That you give us back the sky!

## Tomorrow

### LIGHTS

**A**S we rushed home across the dark,  
After the sun went down,  
We saw full many a farm-house lamp  
And many a glimmering town.

Some lights were set for folk to toil  
And some shone out for play—  
And there were candles, watching long  
That wearied so for day!

Across a river, mirror-black,  
The bridge lamps marched; and then  
Far off at sea a lighthouse flashed  
To guide the sailormen!

We saw the moon come up; we watched  
The darting fireflies.  
A hero from the magic east,  
We saw Orion rise.

## Tomorrow

At last the lamp, the hearth of home,  
For welcome bravely drest—  
Oh, all the lights of earth are good  
But lights of home are best!

## Tomorrow

### “NO MORE SEA”

**O**H, yesterday I sat beside  
The gold-green sea, and watched the  
race  
Of the far breakers, as the tide  
Came sweeping in, apace, apace.

I saw the far-flung rainbow spray,  
I heard the grating pebbles roll;  
And as God's ocean filled the bay,  
His greatness stilled my soul.

Across our fevered plains of death,  
Where the red sun rode hot and dry,  
The east blew in, with healing breath,  
From fresh, lone wastes of sea and sky.

The little children on the sand  
Built castle, dike and magic cave,  
As tho' for them alone were planned  
The frolic of the turning wave.

## Tomorrow

Ah, sweet that world where it is true  
No need for ocean there shall be,  
But what will little children do,  
When there is "no more sea"?

## Tomorrow

### DO YOU KNOW THE LAND?

**D**O you know the land where the days are  
long,  
And the business it all is play,  
Till the sandman comes with a sweet, low song,  
And carries the dwellers away  
To lands that are fairer than daylight lands—  
Where the fairies come with gifts in their  
hands?

Do you know the land?

Do you know the land where the sweet Queen  
reigns,  
The Queen who is half a saint;  
Who kisses away all her subjects' pains,  
And comforts every complaint  
With a smile and a song that are sweeter far  
Than the fruits of our grown-up strivings are?  
Do you know the land?



## Tomorrow

Do you know the land where the dwellers stand  
Impatient to be set free  
Into the wonderful grown-up land—  
Such a fair, fair land to see,  
With no sums to do and no words to spell,  
With never a school nor a bedtime bell?  
Do you know the land?

Oh, beautiful land! If we could return  
And dwell in thy gates once more,  
I suppose that our foolish hearts would burn  
To be off, as they did before;  
For, beautiful land, we loved not thee  
Till thy gates swung open and made us free!  
Do you know the land?

## Tomorrow

### THANKSGIVING

**F**OR the winter's saintly snow,  
For the springtime's hopeful green,  
For the summer's happy glow,  
For the autumn's golden sheen—  
Thee, O loving Lord, we bless  
In a song of thankfulness!

For the gladness of the days  
When the sun shone clear and bright,  
With no hint of cloud or haze,  
From the morning to the night—  
Thee, O loving Lord, we bless  
In a song of thankfulness!

For the peacefulness of night,  
Silent folding round our sleep,  
When nor danger nor affright  
Stirred the darkness, restful, deep—  
Thee, O loving Lord, we bless  
In a song of thankfulness!

## Tomorrow

Shall we take the good alone?

Shall we leave the evil out?

Can we for the cloud, the moan,

For the danger and the doubt,

Thee, O loving Lord, still bless

In a song of thankfulness?

Darkness showed thee Light of Light,

Sorrow proved thee Friend of Friends,

Danger taught thee Might of Might,

Truth of Truth when doubt descends:

For this learning, thee we bless

In a song of thankfulness!

“All our times are in thy hand,”

And we thank thee for the whole;

All has waited thy command;

For our joy, and for our dole

Thee, O loving Lord, we bless

In a song of thankfulness!

Tomorrow

## THE BOY WITH THE SHEPHERDS

**L**AST night my father bade me go  
To guard the sheep with him  
From bear and wolf and other foe  
Along the hillsides dim.  
And while the silly sheep we kept,  
Or ever day was nigh,  
A glory as of dawning swept  
Across the midnight sky.

My father fell upon his face  
(Ah, why was he dismayed?),  
But such sweet presence filled the place  
I did not feel afraid.  
And first there came a tender word  
Unto our waiting ears—  
A sweeter sound than any bird—  
It filled mine eyes with tears.

## Tomorrow

Then, straight, the whole wide sky was riv'n  
    With one triumphant strain;  
It was as if the stars of heav'n  
    Had found their song again.  
And what they sang I cannot say  
    Save of a Baby, born  
In Bethlehem. We took our way  
    To find Him, e'er the morn.

Though now no more the glory fills  
    The waiting midnight sky,  
And up and down the longing hills  
    The herald echoes die,  
Yet when I guard my father's sheep  
    Along the hillsides dim,  
That Baby seems with me to keep  
    The watch, and I with Him.  
And once again, some far, sweet day  
I find and follow Him, alway!

## Tomorrow

“GOD REST YOU MERRY!”

**G**OD rest you merry!” Dear my  
friend  
The quaint old wish is mine to-  
day;

Wherever you may fare or fend,  
“Let nothing you dismay!”

For laughter lifts the weariest load,  
Too sore for grieving hands to bear;  
And singing cheers the loneliest road;  
Brave smiles can vanquish care.

“God rest you merry!” There is need  
For many a merry heart and glad;  
Too oft our sighs our songs outspeed—  
The world is very sad.

“God rest you merry,” with the mirth!  
That fills His holy dwellingplace;  
Then, down the waiting ways of earth  
Wear His joy on your face.

## Tomorrow

And so the dear old wish, my friend,  
I send you from my heart today;  
“God rest you merry” to the end!  
“Let nothing you dismay!”

## Tomorrow

### THE STRAIT WAY

**I** THANK Thee, Lord, Thou madest hard  
The path of sin  
For me, with many a gate and guard  
Without, within—  
Thy grace, and scarce my will, hath barred  
And hedged me in!

When other feet have wandered free,  
My wish, ingrate,  
Hath beat its barriers helplessly,  
But soon or late  
My tutored heart grew glad to see  
The path made strait.

Yet even in this narrow way,  
Where I have toiled,  
With common dust of common day  
My hands are soiled,  
And tender things to miry clay  
My step hath spoiled.



## Tomorrow

Within Thy light, alike all stain;

Akin we are—

I, and those wearier hearts of men,

Who wandered far.

Down-bowed, I pray, "Forgive again!

Save, Morning Star!"

## Tomorrow

### THE GARDEN AND THE HIGHWAY

**G**O forth into your garden,  
O heart with sorrow torn,  
And Jesus Christ, arisen,  
Shall meet you there, this morn!  
At first you may mistake Him,  
But linger for awhile  
And you will learn to know Him  
In voice and word and smile.

Go forth along life's highway,  
O hopeless souls that grieve,  
And Jesus Christ shall greet you  
And walk with you at eve.  
Perchance you will not know Him,  
Yet tell Him all your dread  
And He your house will enter  
To bless your daily bread.

## Tomorrow

“SIR, WE WOULD SEE JESUS”

**S**HOW us thy face, O Christ, that we may  
love thee,  
For some forget and some have never  
seen,

But there is naught we e'er can place above thee  
When once we see thee, beautiful, serene!

Show us thy face, that shone of old with blessing—

All up and down the ways of Galilee!  
And, like thy fishers, thy dear might confessing,  
We, too, for very love shall follow thee!

Show us thy face, thorn-wounded for our healing—

O, heart of mine, canst thou that crown forgive?—

Those bleeding hands were for our pardon's sealing

And thy heart fainted that our souls might live!

## Tomorrow

Show us thyself, Lord Christ! In lovingkind-  
ness,

Above the tumult of the world between,  
Show us thyself and put away our blindness.

We needs must love thee when we once have  
seen.

## Tomorrow

### “THIS IS ETERNAL LIFE”

**S**HALL a man live tomorrow?  
What matter, and who shall say?  
Why from the future borrow?  
Ask more, “Doth he live today?”

## Tomorrow

### THE TRYST

**T**HE Little Dream walked with me,  
hand in hand,  
Up to the Place of Waking.  
“Oh, cross with me into the Morning Land,”  
I begged, “for dawn is breaking.

“You never saw the sunshine on your way,  
And I—have fared without you  
So many weary roads, day after day,  
Sometimes, almost, I doubt you!”

*(The Little Dream speaks.)*

“I may not pass beyond the Gate of Sleep;  
Here I must wait you, only—  
Yet doubt me not, though 'tis but here I keep  
The tryst. I, too, am lonely!”

## Tomorrow

### THE KEY-NOTE

**I** MAY not sit alone and sing  
The long day through,  
In autumn woods or fields of spring,  
For I must do  
My little task of every day,  
And sing at that—if sing I may!

But oh, believe me, I have guessed  
What joy may be  
In birds and stars and loving quest  
Of free things—free  
From prisonings of daily care,  
The liberty of wings to share.

Yet I am sure the lord of song  
Hath set within  
Each common task a sweet note, strong  
Enough to win  
Some music from each day's turmoil,  
If we but hearken while we toil!

## Tomorrow

### TOMORROW AND TODAY

**T**OMORROW is with Thee, O Lord,  
Wherever it may rise—  
And so we will not fear to go  
Full bravely forward, since we know  
Within Thy love it lies.

Tomorrow is with Thee, oh Lord,  
When it shall whiten far,  
Beyond the sunshine warm and bright,  
Beyond the healing touch of night,  
Beyond the morning star!

Tomorrow is with Thee, O Lord,  
Or near or far away;  
But in the dusty roads of life  
In weariness, or joy, or strife  
Our business is Today.

















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